

# The World

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## IN A NUTSHELL!

A RECORD NEVER APPROACHED.

**DURING 1888 THE WORLD HAS PRINTED**  
and sold ten copies for every family in the  
United States—Two copies for nearly every  
man, woman and child.

**THE total estimated circulation of all the**  
1,423 daily papers in the United States is  
only fourteen times that of THE WORLD.

**THE total weight of all THE WORLDS printed**  
during the past year exceeds Seventeen  
Million Pounds, and would have required a  
flight train five miles long to transport them.

**ONE single day's issue of THE WORLD, with**  
the columns placed end to end, would have  
made a band around the equator. In book  
form it would have made more volumes than  
in any library on earth.

**THE past year had only 31,622,400 seconds,**  
but it had over 104,473,650 WORLDS,  
or nearly four WORLDS for every second in  
the year.

**What Other Newspaper Printed**  
**HALF AS MANY**  
Copies During 1888 and What Are the  
Reasons?

**WORLDINGS.**

Ed. O. Wolcott, Colorado's new Senator, is  
only forty-one years old, and will, therefore, be  
the youngest member of the Senate. He is a  
bachelor, with a law practice worth \$50,000 a  
year.

Justice Stanley Matthews is slowly convalescing  
from his illness of last summer. He is still  
confined to his home and able to sit up for only  
a part of the day and is moved in a rolling chair  
to his library.

One of the youngest lawyers of Emporia,  
Kan., is Mrs. Jennie Kellogg, who has just been  
admitted to practice before the State Supreme  
Court. She has a large number of clients, and  
in addition finds time to attend to her children  
and her household duties.

## OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

*Send Notice*

## MR. THOMAS'S GREAT GUNBOAT.

**He Never Went to Sea, but His Design Will Probably Be Adopted.**

**WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.**—The Board of Bureau  
Chiefs, to which Secretary Whitney referred  
Representative Thomas's plans for a coast-  
defense vessel, has agreed to report the plans  
back to the Secretary with a recommendation  
that they be adopted by the Department. The  
Board believes the design has great merit.

**CHICAGO, Jan. 9.**—Mr. Thomas has had no  
more experience in naval affairs than he could  
get as Chairman of the House Committee. His  
business is that of a stock raiser and his home is  
in the part of Illinois called Egypt, where the  
only water is in wells and sloughs and not much  
of that. Nevertheless, he has designed what  
experts say will be the finest, fleetest and most  
powerful war vessel afloat.

She will be a single-turreted monitor, a heavy  
armored cruiser, and the only war ship in the  
world of variable displacement. In peace she  
will stand 75 feet out of water, with upper  
works of wood which can be retracted on going  
into action. When trouble comes she takes in  
water and increases her draft three feet, leaving  
but four feet of her hull above water.

This four feet is the segment of a  
circle rising from the water's edge and present-  
ing a target at the enemy's welcome. In time  
of war, the hull is raised to a height of 150  
feet, and if he does hit it he will hit a  
solid mass of iron. Her armor will be 10 inches  
thick. Her guns will be 10 inches in diameter,  
and having an all-around range, will throw a  
300-pound projectile ten miles. The dynamite  
gun in the bow will be 10 inches in diameter,  
and will be able to fire 100 rounds a minute.  
She will have a speed of seventeen knots an hour,  
and her name will be the Illinois. Experts say  
she will probably be able to destroy England's  
biggest iron-clad in fifteen minutes.

## Suffered in Silence for His Brother.

**(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)**

**STILLWATER, Minn., Jan. 9.**—There was re-  
leased from State prison the other day, on pardon  
from the Governor, a man who suffered disgrace  
and imprisonment for over ten years, for a  
crime of which he was only innocent, but  
which he actively tried to prevent. The victim  
is Jacob Bird, who, when eighteen years old,  
was convicted in Dakota County of murder and  
sentenced to the State prison for life. The  
executive document granting the pardon states:  
It appears from the affidavits of J. N. Castle,  
an attorney in the case, and Stephen Newell,  
then Sheriff of Dakota County, that the crime  
was committed by Jacob's brother John, who  
died in jail before trial, and that the prisoner,  
Jacob, had not even assisted in committing the  
crime, and was opposed to it. Jacob never  
made any attempt to indicate his brother.

## A Great Storehouse of Treasure.

**(New York Letter to the Evening Journal.)**

I fancy it would be a glorious sight to see  
the treasures stored in battered old leather  
trunks and tin boxes and what not in the  
great steel cubby-holes of the Safe Deposit  
Company of the Vanderbilts, managed by  
ex-Postmaster-General Thomas I. James, in  
Forty-second street. The family plate of the  
Astor, the jewels of the Vanderbilt women,  
the coupons of the Lorillards and their char-  
monda also, all are in those steel trunks. The  
wealth of the Knickerbockers and of the  
Standard Oil kings and of the bonanza miners  
of California is all amply represented in that  
dull and sombre cellar, and I fancy it would  
surprise the richest king almost as much as  
the poorest New Yorker to see what a treas-  
ure it all amounts to.

## A Disappointed Dad.

**(From Times Dispatch.)**

He walked with quick, expectant stride  
and many a man  
Absorbed like his heart and head,  
With family care.

"Child born, all well," the letter read.  
What pride and joy!

"My son shall be," the father said,  
"A model boy."

"In worldly life, in wear and tear,  
He'll never tire;

When manhood's reached, he'll take his  
share.

This mused the sire.

The nursemaid met him at the door  
In cap and apron;

The baby in her arms she bore—  
It was a girl.

## A BUNCH OF WINTERGREENS.

**SAVORED WITH THE HUMOR OF ARTIST AND  
PHOTOGRAPHER.**

**How She Knew.**  
(From Life.)



He—What made you think that picture in the  
exhibition was mine? You must be a judge of  
style, because it was unsigned.  
She (modestly)—You flatter me. I really didn't  
know it was yours until I saw everybody laugh-  
ing at it.

## A Family that Sticks.

**(From Boston Herald.)**

Mr. A. E. Burr had for fifty years controlled  
and edited the Hartford Times. There is some-  
thing in a name, after all. It is the nature of A.  
Burr to stick.

## At Delmonico's.

**(From Time.)**

Howling Swell (Gordon)—Gordon, can you lend  
me a dollar?  
Gordon—Aye, plain.  
Gordon—Keep it for your pocketbook.

## The Worst Kind of Steer.

**(From Burlington Free Press.)**

A wild steer on New York's Broadway is had  
enough, but it doesn't compare in general de-  
moralization with a wild steer on Vermont to-  
boggan slide.

## He Wanted No Credit.

**(From an Exchange.)**

Clerk (calling boy)—Cash!  
Countryman—Great turnips, can't you give me  
time to put my pocketbook out? I don't want  
no credit. I don't! I'm going to pay you cash  
soon as I can get it!

## Quite Characteristic.

**(From the Detroit Free Press.)**

Out of twelve young ladies in Green Bay who  
met on the 1st of January a year ago and vowed  
never to marry, nine were married inside of ten  
months and two of the others have breach-of-  
promise suits.

## She Agreed.

**(From the New York Weekly.)**

"Of course, no young lady should go out at  
night without a chaperone," said a Harlem belle  
to her Chicago visitor.

"That's so," replied the Wabash avenue dam-  
sel. "But every girl hasn't got a chap of her  
own, you know."

## At the Post Office.

**(From the Cartoon.)**

"How's Chicago to-day?"  
"What's the matter with Chicago?"  
"I saw an envelope yesterday, and it said  
Chicago, Ill. I didn't know but it might be  
wrong."

## Til for Tat.

**(From the New York Weekly.)**

Mr. Jinks—You have been fooling with this  
gun?  
Mrs. Jinks—The new girl got hold of it this  
morning and discharged it.

"My gracious! What did you do?"  
"I discharged her."

## A Faithful Servant.

**(From the Cartoon.)**

Mistress—Did you tell Mr. Bangs that I was  
sleeping?  
Margaret—I did, mmm.

Mistress—What did he say?  
Margaret—He asked me how I knew.  
Mistress—And what did you reply?  
Margaret—I told he ye and so myself.

## A Terrible Situation.

**(From the Philadelphia Record.)**

Guest (at a Cincinnati society wedding)—What  
in the world is the matter, Mrs. Elize? Why  
don't the ceremony begin?  
Hostess—Oh! Don't ask. It's perfectly awful.  
Our family name will be disgraced.

"Mercy! has your daughter eloped with some  
other, or has the groom deserted her at the  
altar?"  
"Worse. The beer hasn't come."

## A Popular Mistake.

**(From the Boston Herald.)**

"There is something about the moon I can't  
understand," remarked Squidly.  
"What is it?" asked McWilligen. "Its com-  
position of green cheese?"

"No. People are supposed to be more sus-  
ceptible to the influence of fair Luns before  
they are married than after. Is not that the  
supposition?"

"It is, but what of it?"  
"The supposition must be wrong, for the  
moon governs the tide."

## The Old Umbrella.

**(From the Chicago Tribune.)**

How hard to get rid of that cheap old umbrella,  
faded brown cotton, so shapeless and queer!  
It stands in the hall. Could it speak it would  
tell a strange story of travels for many a year.

It is always brought back, no matter who bor-  
rows.  
The young or the aged, the great or the small.  
The seasons pass by, with their joys and their  
sorrows.

But that old umbrella never changes at all;  
That faithful umbrella, that faded umbrella,  
That tough old umbrella that stands in the hall.

I've lent it to friends, with the earnest peti-  
tion That when they had used it they'd throw it  
out an attorney in the hall. Could it speak it would  
tell a strange story of travels for many a year.

They have always returned it in normal condi-  
tion.  
And so no longer the years it continues to stand.  
I can't shake it off. It adheres like a plaster.  
Through winter and spring, through summer  
and fall.

I leave. Let it stay. In my house I'm the  
master.

Of all save that type of inanimate gall.  
That faded umbrella, that cotton umbrella,  
That tough old umbrella that stands in the hall.

## Brotherly and Sisterly.

**(From Time.)**

Tommy—Blith, lend me a fiver, won't you.  
You're always saving something.

Blithen—(Glad to, my boy, but I'm not break-  
ing my record to-day. Goes out.)

THE price of MOORE'S TEXTURE CORDIAL places it  
within the reach of all who have infants. 25 cents.

## MORMON RITES IN NEW YORK.

**THEY WERE USED AT THE FUNERAL OF  
WILLIAM MORRIS.**

**Twenty of the Faithful, including a Son of  
Brigham Young, Took Part in the  
Services—The Remains of the Dead Man  
Sent Away to Salt Lake City—The Death  
of Morris Was Caused by Asphyxia.**

When Mr. Hubbard, who lives on the  
fourth floor at 12 East Twenty-third street,  
returned from his work as night watchman  
on New Year's morning there was a smell of  
gas in the hallways.

Tracing it to its source, he found that Wil-  
liam Morris, who had been a lodger at his  
house for two days, was senseless in his  
room, and the unlighted gas was turned on  
full head.

Three doctors worked on Morris for two  
days. He was then taken to New York Hos-  
pital, and he died there Saturday.

Prof. Peabody, by instruction of Coroner  
Schultz, conducted an autopsy and decided  
that death resulted from asphyxiation.

Then it came out that Morris was a Mor-  
mon, hailing from Salt Lake City, where he  
had a wife and seven children.

He was forty-four years old and a deco-  
rative artist. He was here as a student in his  
profession.

C. F. Wilcox, of 226 East Thirty-sixth  
street, a medical student; Dr. Fred Cawson,  
of 54 West Twenty-fourth street, and  
John W. Young, a son of Brigham  
Young, living at 1707 Broadway, turned  
up as friends of Mr. Morris and took his re-  
mains to the undertaking establishment of J.  
Fred Winterbottom, 638 Sixth avenue.

These friends were indignant that an au-  
topsy had been held, and made some threats  
of suing the hospital authorities, but they  
were convinced that this would be fruitless.

Yesterday afternoon a funeral service was  
held over the remains at the undertaking  
rooms, after the manner of the Mormon  
Church. The service is described as a beau-  
tiful in its simplicity and evident sincerity.

There were twenty gentlemen and ladies  
present, including John W. Young and the  
others named.

The service consisted of singing and speak-  
ing, several gentlemen and ladies telling of  
the life of the dead man and speaking of the  
hopes of the Latter-day Saints.

This is the first Mormon funeral ever held  
in New York.

The remains were inclosed in a copper-  
lined casket, like that in which the body of  
President Garfield rested, and were shipped  
by Adams Express, last night, to Elias Mor-  
ris and H. P. Richards, Salt Lake City.

Young has a large business in Washing-  
ton, but boards at the fashionable boarding-  
house of Mrs. Bell. There was no one at the  
house to respond to a reporter's queries this  
morning.

## The Blue and the Gray.

**(From the Detroit Free Press.)**

Stand the day of the conflict; in battle array  
Stand the waiting combatants—the Blue and the  
Gray.

From the green pastures land comes the loving  
of herds;  
From the forest's deep shadows the music of  
birds.

In warm, golden splendor the sun's slanting  
Lie over the broad fields of ripening maize.  
A little brook gurgles by hedge-row and thicket;  
A quail makes his plaint in a soft, mellow  
whistle.

All nature is peaceful; yet here, face to face,  
Stand the combatants, the sons of one  
race!

The Gray waits serenely in abashed strength—  
The Blue, his breast and daring, advances, at  
length.

In a sea of red clover, so fragrant and sweet,  
Stand there, on the edge of the meadow, they  
meet.

An attack, sharp and sudden—a noise—what is  
that?  
A report—it is only a true lover's kiss!  
It is a glorious capture—and thus ends the fray—  
His eyes are blue eyes, and her eyes are gray.

## Equal to the Occasion.

**(From the Detroit Free Press.)**

"These books, doctor, are my best friends.  
And with them for hours I commune;  
The spirits of the authors come  
To loiter in the dim old room."

A smile the doctor's thin lips stirred.  
As one by one the books he shut:  
"I notice, Mrs. Gray," he said,  
That the many volumes are shut."

She looked at him with that shy glance  
Which such a claim to beauty lends,  
And, with a little laugh, she said:  
"Ah, sir, I never cut my friends."

## Why They Got Well.

**(From the Boston Herald.)**

"Dr. Black is having great success with his  
patients."  
"How does he manage?"  
"It is the simplest thing in the world. He  
gives his patients such horrible tasting medicines  
that they refuse to take them, and so they get  
well at once."

## Caught from Hotel Registers.

**(S. Ashford, of Ottawa; T. Watson, of Chicago,  
and J. C. Backus, of Providence, are at the Bar-  
tholomew.)**

C. P. Thompson, of Brookline, Mass.; D. J.  
Van Anten, Jr., of Cleveland, O.; and G. M. Lam-  
son, of Boston, are at the Sturtevant.

Robert D. Geer, of Buffalo; G. S. Graham,  
of Pittsburg, and M. de Bommer, Belgian Minis-  
ter at Washington, are at the Albemarle.

Norman E. Mack, of Buffalo; James S. Rich-  
ardson, of New Orleans, and G. Bruce Horton,  
of Pittsburg, are guests at the St. James.

Conspicuous at the Fifth Avenue Hotel are Judge A.  
Baimey, of Boston; Elliot A. Kehler, of Cin-  
cinnati, and Joseph C. Smith, of Providence.

Prominent at the Brunswick are S. P. Hinck-  
ley, of New York; J. C. Whittier, of New York;  
Jr., of Boston, and F. R. Smith, of Pittsburg.

At the Hoffman House are Lawrence Lipp-  
man, of New York; J. C. Whittier, of New York;  
Jr., of Boston, and F. R. Smith, of Pittsburg.

At the Hotel Hamilton are J. C. Whittier, of New York;  
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## A MOST COMELY CLEOPATRA.

**SHE APPEARS AMID ENTRANCING STAGE  
PICTURES AT PALMER'S.**

**In Richness of Costumes and Scenic Effects  
This Venture of Mrs. Potter Was a  
Marvel—Kyrle Bellow Is Proved a  
Scholar, but Shakespeare Did Not Know  
Him When He Made His Antony.**

The result of a vast amount of intellectual  
labor was made known at Palmer's Theatre  
last night, when "Antony and Cleopatra,"  
the play prepared by Kyrle Bellow and  
William Shakespeare with Mrs. Potter in the  
role of Cleopatra, was presented to a densely  
large and over-weening curious audience,  
which had been listening for some weeks to  
the sound of premonitory trumpets and to the  
noise of anticipative drums.